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GENEALOGICAL MEMORANDA

OF THE

BUTLER FAMILY;

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. THOMAS BUTLER,

BY WALTER BUTLER;

WITH A CONTINUATION TO 1844, DEDICATED TO

MAJOR CHARLES BUTLER,

BY CAPTAIN JOHN BUTLER.

SIBSAGOR, ASAM:

PRINTED AT THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSION PRESS.

1845.

13.74,
382.467

July 2, 1816

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GENEALOGICAL MEMORANDA.

NON EST VIVERE, SED VALERE VITA.

TO THE REV. THOMAS BUTLER.

MY DEAR SIR,

WERE I to describe the blessings I desire in life, I would be happy in a few, but faithful friends; might I choose my talent, it would rather be good sense than learning; I would consult in the choice of my house, convenience rather than state; and for my circumstances, desire a moderate but independent fortune, business enough to secure me from indolence, and leisure enough always to have an hour to spare. I would have no master, and I desire but few servants. I would not be led away by ambition nor perplexed with disputes. I would enjoy the blessings of health, but would rather be beholden for it to a regular life, and an easy mind, than the school of Hippocrates. As to my passions, since we cannot be wholly divested of them, I would hate only those whose manners and actions rendered them odious, and love only where I knew I ought. Thus would I pass cheerfully through that portion of my life which cannot last always, and with resignation wait for that which will last forever.

My enquiries for some time past have been directed to the Genealogy of our family, being anxious to ascertain from what spot we came, and whether any patrician blood flowed in our veins. According to the tradition preserved in the family, our ancestor, Walter Butler, who fled from Ireland during the troubles in the reign of Charles the 1st, and sought an asylum at Stanley house, was nearly allied to the noble family of Butler, of Kilkenny. To authenticate this tradition with particulars, I have searched in every direction, but can find only scanty information of some of the earlier branches. However, like the Irish family, the names of Walter and Johanna have been preserved in almost every generation. Our ancestors lived secluded from the world, and all traces of their existence now rest upon their wills only, as I can find no deeds, letters, or papers of any kind respecting them; but from the court rolls of the manor of Linchmore and Sulbred, I find that on the second of August, 9th of Charles the 1st, Walter Butler was admitted, on the surrender of William Boxall, to one messuage, and two yard lands, called Stanley, under the yearly rent of 33s. and 4d. He married 9th of February, 1628. Elizabeth Chalcraft, and made his will May 2, 1638. He is styled of Farnhurst yeoman; desired to be buried in the church, or church litton of Linchmore; he gave to the cathedral church of Chichester 6d. to the church of Linchmore 6d. to the poor of Linchmore 5s. to the poor people of Farnhurst 10s. and to the Church of Farnhurst 12d. To his eldest son, Walter Butler, 5s. to his younger son, £100, to his daughter Joane Butler, all the wood, and underwoods then growing in his Copyhold, called Stanley; all the rest of his goods and chattels to his dear and loving wife Elizabeth, whom he appointed executrix, requesting his friends

John Chalcraft, of Linchmore, yeoman, and Roger Shotter the younger, yeoman, to be supervisors and overseers of his will, giving them 6s. 8d. for their trouble. Died 4 May, 1638; buried in Linchmore church-yard. Will proved at Chichester, by Elizabeth his widow, 22d June, 1638. He left two sons and one daughter; Walter, born 29th of July, 1634; Joane, born the 7th of November, 1630. George, born 28th of February, 1636, died 12 of Sept. 1650. Walter Butler, the elder son, approaching nearer to our own times, some traces of him are found amongst the title deeds of the neighboring gentry, for whom he appears to have been frequently appointed a trustee, a proof of his being a respectable person. He was six years of age when his father died; and was admitted to his copyhold estate of Stanley 1st of April, 15th of Charles the 1st, his mother being appointed his guardian. He made his will 18th of July, 6th of William and Mary, styled of the parish of Farnhurst, yeoman; gave to his loving wife Elizabeth, all his goods and household stuff given to him by his aunt Barnard of Petworth; also two of his best feather beds, two bedsteads, blankets, coverlets, and all his napkins, half his sheets, table cloths, and pillow drawers, six of his leather chairs in the hall, and the round table in the hall chamber, also six bushels of wheat, six bushels of malt, and half his pewter; also £10, also 100 cwt. of cheese. He gave to his daughter Mary, £10; he gave to his grandchildren, Elizabeth Martin, Mary Martin, and John Martin, the son and daughters of his daughter Mary, £40; he gave to his daughter, Joanne Rapley, £40; he gave to his grandchildren Elizabeth Rapley and Mary Rapley, £5 apiece; he gave to his grandchild Elizabeth Woodman, £10; to his grandchild Elizabeth Butler, £5, to the poor people of Farnhurst, 20s; to the poor people

of Linchmore, 10s; he gave to his wife Elizabeth, one hog; the rest, residue and remainder, he gave to his son Walter Butler, and appointed him executor. Witnesses, John Willard, Margaret Austin, John Tanner. Proved at Chichester, 26th Dec. 1696, by Walter Butler; died 29th of July 1694, on his birthday, leaving one son and four daughters. Walter Butler, born 14th Dec. 1659. Elizabeth born 30th July, 1654; married Woodman. Mary, born, 2nd Feb. 1657; married Martin. Joane, baptized 19th Dec. 1662; married Rapley. Ann, baptized 6th July, 1666; married Steere. Walter Butler, the third of that name, continued to reside at the old house at Stanley, the greater part of his life, though we can now find but few particulars concerning him, time and neglect having robbed us of this pleasure; nor are there any portraits to perpetuate a remembrance of our ancestors; but we learn that the third Walter was a sportsman, and used to keep his hounds in a large wood, near Stanley house, unknown to his father; and two old men, who lived at Bramshott, and from whom I received the information, assisted him in feeding his dogs. He run them among the neighbouring hills and dales; when the chase was over the hounds retired to their hiding place, and the sportsman to his old father. The personal character of this last Walter appears to have been excellent; he was styled, "Good old Butler," in his latter days, and this is superior to any panegyric. He was six feet high, gentlemanlike in his manners, extremely hospitable, and kept a well furnished table, where every one was welcome. He had red hair; he married Mary, the daughter of Ogle Riggs, Esquire, a most beautiful woman, who said, it was a hard lot to be tied to *water and carrots all her life*. They kept open house for a fortnight after his marriage; there

were large tables on the green, near the house, every day loaded with the old English fare of roast beef and other substantial dishes, and whoever liked to partake of it was welcome. If more enquiries had been made a few years ago, of old people, we might have recovered many particulars which are now lost. Another of his contemporaries, whom I have met with was old William Stone, who told me a short time before he died, that he recollected old Walter Butler, at the time he lived at Bramshott house, and that he used to carry his breakfast rolls from Liphook every morning. The first Walter, it is evident from the Linchmore register, lived at Stanley, and cultivated his farm there. Few escaped the troubles of those rebellious times; but in that secluded spot, he might have found sufficient tranquillity, and have finished his days in peace. The second Walter followed his example, and passed through life without making any attempt to soar above his condition. The third Walter was equally unambitious; he neither enlarged or diminished his paternal estate, and transmitted it to his only son, our enterprizing grandsire, 23rd Nov. 1722. The Stanley estate was settled upon Walter Butler for life; remainder to his son John Butler, for life; remainder to his then intended wife, Sarah Ayling, and the heirs of her body by John Butler. Walter Butler made his will 19th Oct. 1729, styled of Bramshott, yeoman; gave to his son John, and to his daughter Elizabeth, £10 apiece; to his grandson, John Butler, £20; appointed John Butler and John Mellersh, exeutors, to receive all his money, goods, and chattels, and to pay the interest to his daughter, as she thought proper, and as she should direct by her will; he gave his household goods, in Stanley and Danlass bottom house to his son John Butler; and his goods in John Mellersh's

house, where he lived, to his daughter Elizabeth. Witnesses—Joseph Jackson, Mary Baker, John Tanner, proved at Doctor's Commons, 8th Feb. 1731, by John Butler, and John Mellersh, the executors; left one son, and one daughter; John Butler, baptized 28th Oct. 1696; Elizabeth, married to John Mellersh, against her father's consent, and made her escape out of the window of her bed room. She was a very beautiful woman. John Butler, my grandfather, has now been dead forty years, yet his name has been always mentioned with respect. The first Walter, we must consider as the founder of our name, and transmitted it with honor to his successors; but my grandfather raised the family to affluence, and extended its connections by the multiplicity and importance of his concerns. He inherited from his father only the Copyhold estate at Stanley, and a farm at Bramshott, purchased of Huntingford; the former he disposed of, and on the latter, in a pleasant situation, he erected the present house. In the early part of his life he was extravagant, and fond of dancing and hunting; would frequently go to the cellar and draw a bucket of ale to give to his favorite hunter. But while building his new house he took quite another turn, and became cautious in the extreme; he said, he should get to the bottom of his purse, before he got to the top of his house, and he left it in a very unfinished state. He had reached the middle of life before he engaged in business, and during the first American, and afterwards the Spanish war, a period fertile for speculators, he rented and established a cannon foundry and a hammer at Farnhurst; but fearful in the onset of meeting with difficulties, he engaged a partner in the concern, by the name of Eade, and carried on the business with him for some yeas. Notwithstanding this precaution

my grandfather met with great difficulties in his new undertaking. Workmen were scarce, he could meet with no persons who understood the employment, and was obliged to hire workmen from the north, at a high price, and these a rough and boisterous set, full of their own importance, and neglected his orders. The business did not flourish; but persevering in the concern, he directed some of his own people, who were employed in the inferior departments of the foundry, to notice with attention the various processes, and by degrees they acquired sufficient knowledge of the business, with the assistance of my grandfather, to carry it on; the north country workmen were then discharged, his own people were attentive to their work, and his foundry became established; his contracts with government enlarged, and he received more orders than he could execute. In the prosecution of this arduous concern he was assisted by the advice and personal aid of George Denyer, a man of sound sense and unblemished character, who acted as his clerk, kept the accounts and made journies to London. This faithful adherent lies buried in Bramshott church yard, at a short distance from his old master, with a plain grave stone, and this inscription:

“In memory of George Denyer, who died April 15th, 1797, in the seventy fourth year of his age.

My grief was great which I endur'd,
 Not one on earth could ease my pain;
 But God, who gave me life and breath,
 Did take me to himself again.”

So diligent, so faithful, so persevering was this humble friend, that the affairs of my grandfather 'were everywhere prosperous, and

having realized a considerable sum of money, he turned his attention to the purchase of land, and in a short time became owner of the Temple estate, belonging to Norton Powlett, Esq. The purchase of the Empshott and Chiltley estates, with other lands in the neighbouring parishes, quickly succeeded. The purchase of the Chiltley estate was made with the profits of one blast; and thus he became the owner of extensive landed possessions, and firmly cemented the growing reputation of his family. He has been often heard to say that his great grandfather, the first Walter Butler, was the youngest son of a noble family in Ireland, but owing to troublesome times, he sold his patrimony and took refuge in England, and bought Stanley estate where he resided. He had excellent abilities, and was a man of strict honor, though niggard in his enjoyments, and of a parsimonious turn; yet in all cases of real distress, he showed a noble hearted liberality. Though proud, haughty and independent, yet his countenance was pleasing, and beamed with mild benignity. He was above the middle size, stout, and remarkably deaf; wore striped fustian, died 10th Feb. 1775, aged 79, and was buried in Chiltley chancel, Bramshott church. His grave was opened 1792, when the coffin and its contents appeared but little decayed, and his countenance was easily remembered. I now call your attention to a curious prophecy written by Mr. Thornton, curate of Bramshott, who lived in the family of the Rickwoods, at Lidshott; it was written in 1731, in contemplation of my grandfather's marriage, which was not then considered as very likely to take place; at the same time it gives us a short, but correct description of many persons in the parish.

When hopeful Joseph makes a jest;
 When Enticknap* believes in Christ;
 When old Dame Jackson does appear
 Like Shotter,† or like Venus fair;
 When pious Purdy stops his ears
 To scandal, or once says his prayers;
 When Barnard's bloom returns again
 To give another lover pain;
 When Shotter's muse is quite forgot;
 When Stone‡ sings one displeasing note;
 When Whitehead does delight in strife;
 Or when he gets a better wife;
 When honest Mellersh does prefer
 Farthings to friends, to wine small beer';
 When he commands his spouse, and she
 Obeys; or is from vapors free;
 When Fish§ by honesty's undone;
 When Osborne|| kisses none but one;
 When good old Butler tells a lie;
 When Nancy Whitehead's six foot high;
 At Bramshott when good butter's¶ made;
 When all the tithes are justly paid;
 When Thornton Bramshott friends forgets;
 When Woods speaks truth, or Butler treats;
 Then, says the prophet, little Nancy
 With Shanny shall enjoy her fancy.

* Enticknap, an unbeliever, lived in the Alley. † Miss Shotter was very beautiful
 ‡ The Stones were all good singers. § The miller, father of the late Mr. Fish. || Osborne
 lived at Liphook. ¶ Still deserves this reproach.

Methinks I know more of old Walter Butler's character by this one line than a whole chapter could have given me; it conveys the character of one every way so estimable, that I look with pleasure to the old gentleman, and revere his memory.

My grandfather married, first Sarah, the daughter of John Ayling, of Boroughunt, a little woman who had a fortune of £10,000, was sensible and well informed, but died early in life of a decline, leaving only John, born 1726. Married for his second wife, Anne, the daughter of Richard Whitehead, Esq. an amiable and accomplished woman, accomplished in her mind as her person; she appears to have had a taste for literature, and numerous letters of her writing shew the progress she had made in composition; that she was a little woman is evident from the allusion in the prophecy. She died in 1756, aged fifty-two, greatly lamented by the poor, to whom she was a kind benefactress, leaving James, married Elizabeth Canner died Dec. 31st, 1806. Thomas, born 31st May, 1736, married 2nd August, 1762. Martha Newland, died 2nd August, 1808. Anne, married John Newland, a surgeon of Petworth. A handsome monument has been lately erected in the Chiltley chancel of Bramshott Church, with the following inscription.

“Sacred to the memory of Anne, wife of John Butler, of Bramshott, gent. who died May the 26th, 1756, aged fifty-two years. Also of John Butler, gent. who survived her nineteen years, and died Feb. 10th, 1775, aged seventy-eight years. Also of John Butler, gent. son of the above mentioned John Butler, by Sarah his former wife, who died March 13th, 1792, aged 67 years. Also of Anne, infant daughter of James Butler, of Liphook, gent. and Elizabeth his wife,

who died January the 11th, 1760, aged three months. *Sublimiora petamus.*"

Although John Butler, the eldest son, was born to independence, yet his education was neglected; he possessed a strong mind and a retentive memory, but his talents were never properly directed; they changed to eccentricity, and were useless either to himself or his country. He had no employment, was afflicted with an incurable deafness, and passed his whole life in obscurity, at Bramshott, but he might have been a great ornament to society. James Butler, the second son, was of a timid disposition, though touched with the family irritability. He possessed great acuteness of mind, and a correct ear for music; but equally unambitious with his brother and equally unskilled to rise; he passed quietly along the beaten path of life, and reached seventy one years; he was buried in Chiltly Chancel, along side of his wife, with the following inscription on a marble monument.

"Sacred to the memory of James Butler, of Liphook, gent. who died 30th Dec. 1806, aged 71 years; also of Elizabeth his wife who departed this life Jan. 3rd, 1807, aged 69 years. (This inscription was accidentally omitted in our copy, from recollection I have supplied it.—W. B.)

"Sacred to the memory of Thomas Butler, gent. who died August 2nd, 1808, aged 72 years; also of his grandchildren, John William Butler, first Lieut. in the Royal Horse Artillery, who died May the 30th, 1808, aged 18 years; Emily Butler, who died Sept. 22d, 1808, aged three years; and Charles Butler, who died Jan. 20th, 1806, aged two years. *In te Domine speravi.*"

It now falls to my lot to record the death of our only sister, for whom we entertained an affectionate regard. She was the object of general attachment; but her affections were fixed on one person from whom they were never removed. In the beautiful retirement of Highdown, she passed some of her happiest days.

An evening picture of Highdown, written on a window, 1796.

“See yon purple towering hill,
Sister to yon murmuring rill.
See yon landscape blithe and gay,
Now fading at the eve of day.
Here behold perpetual spring;
'Tis here the rural pæans sing,
And sweetly warble forth in measure,
And fill th' enraptured soul with pleasure.”

Owing to the illness of her husband, she removed to Midhurst, where she died, and was buried beneath the entrance of the vault, at Bramshott, by the side of her husband. An elegant marble monument has been erected to her to perpetuate her name, with a short inscription; but the following lines more expressive of her worth, are here consecrated to her memory:

Sacred to the memory of Frances Cocks, who died 29th April, 1813, aged forty-nine years. She was of gentle disposition, of mild and engaging manners, and greatly beloved. In her happier days, surrounded with pleasure, and her path strown with flowers, she acted with the strictest propriety of conduct, and zealously discharged the duties of a Christian. She was charitable to the poor, kind to her relations, and to her unfortunate husband the best of wives.

Her last illness she supported with fortitude and resignation, and with a benignant smile resigned her pure and spotless soul into the hands of her Maker. Let us fondly cherish the memory of this excellent woman; let us teach our children to revere her name, and imitate her virtues.

“Ipsa quoque assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen; neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest; sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urget usque prior veniente, urget usque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt, pariter pariterque sequuntur.”

OVID.

The mansion of our forefathers stands on the borders of a very extensive heath; remote, solitary and sequestered, in a situation where it was not possible to obtain much society, but perhaps not the less likely to afford real comfort. After leaving the common, the approach to the house is through a long lane with stout walls and hedges, with a barn immediately in front, as if placed there to conceal the house. The building contains a hall and parlor, paved with broad stones, and with some few embellishments; from the parlor a staircase leads to the bed rooms, and to the right of the parlor stands the buttery, with several hooks in the walls and in the ceiling, to hang the meat upon, denoting that some hospitality had been kept up by the former owners of this old mansion; this room communicated with the kitchen and other domestic apartments, adjoining to which were the walled-in garden and an orchard, with a few old trees in a decayed state, that were perhaps planted by our ancestors, at least fancy may picture this. Another old inhabitant

is still discovered north of the garden, that once afforded our unambitious ancestors its friendly shade; I mean the old yew tree, a proper appendage to the neighbouring mansion, now rendered gloomy by neglect and decay. To modern delicacy and refinement this old house would present a dreary and uncomfortable aspect, and the rooms in which our hardier forefathers passed their hours with content, would little suit the present race. Instead of continual visits, our ancestors but seldom visited their neighbours, and then chiefly at the merry time of Christmas, when their visits to each other were long and frequent. It was then the good man of the house had occasion to employ all the hooks in the buttery, suspended with a profusion of meat, and the cellars filled with barrels of old October; no other beverage we have reason to believe was sported on these festive occasions; for even this, aided by a large blazing fire, and a cheerful circle of friends, enlivening each other with games and pleasant tales, would pass away, with great satisfaction, "the merry, merry Christmas time." Perhaps the foundation of the greatness of this country was laid in those times, and it is not to be expected that much good can arise from our excessive refinement of manners; and I believe most of us feel pleasure in tracing out those past days of simplicity and reclusion. Adjoining to the walled-in garden we still distinguish the herb beds, an important branch of domestic economy in those days, when our grandmothers dispensed their recipes amongst their neighbours, and the old Family Receipt Book was handed down from successive generations. Another part of the garden appears to have been designed only for flowers, to amuse the good old lady and her daughters; thus amusement and real com-

fort was drawn near their abode. In the winter, when the wind and snow, and rain deluged the adjoining heath, the whole family assembled round their cheerful fire-side, a happy domestic circle. Such were the lives of our forefathers. The farm attached to this house, of one hundred and sixty acres, or thereabouts, belonged to our family; and, I have no doubt, was cultivated by the successive owners to support their house-keeping; any profits beyond this must have formed their riches, carefully deposited in a stout oaken chest, for particular occasions, or to be paid away in marriage portions or legacies. On Sundays the good man seated himself upon old Dobbin, with his loving helpmate behind him upon a pad, and decked out in her gayest apparel, with mob cap, long stays, and slit sleeves, paraded to Linchmore church, accompanied by their boys and girls on foot; this was a weekly exhibition of their finery. "But past is all their fame." Our family continued to reside on this spot a century, during the reigns of Charles 1st, the Usurpation, Charles 2nd, James 2nd, and till the accession of George 2nd, apparently without meeting with any of the calamities of the times; the sequestered situation of their dwelling ensured peace and tranquillity, and the happy mediocrity they had obtained secured them from envy, and protected them from want.

You will now percieve that I have endeavoured to preserve from oblivion every particular worthy of notice, which may prove to our own satisfaction, at least, that we are descended from a race of men, who were honorable, virtuous and of irreproachable character. I have therefore been thus minute in sending you every thing I could learn, that, as the names of our earlier ancestors are not preserved

even by the frail memorial of a grave stone, these particulars might be preserved, and the laudable curiosity of a future generation gratified.

I am, my dear Sir,

Affectionately yours,

WALTER BUTLER.

HAVANT,
Dec. 7th, 1815. }

TO MAJOR CHARLES BUTLER,

Commanding 1st Madras European Fusiliers.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

THAT the rising generation may not be left in absolute ignorance of many interesting facts and incidents relating to their forefathers, which, if neglected, in a few years more would probably be consigned to oblivion, in continuation of the Butler Genealogical Memoranda, drawn up by the late Walter Butler, the following pages, it is proposed, shall give a brief account of the members of the Butler race; beginning with the family of Thomas Butler, born 1736, who was married to Martha Newland on the 2d August, 1762, and died 2d August, 1808, leaving five sons and one daughter; viz; John, born June 19, 1763; Frances, born Feb. 28, 1765; Thomas, born, Jan. 25, 1767; James, born April 3, 1771; Charles, born Nov. 28, 1774; Walter, born Oct. 4, 1777.

That each individual may be noticed according to what he deserved, from the information we possess, and that future generations may have some accurate and definite acquaintance with the character, habits, and disposition of their forefathers, the life of each person will be separately and concisely reviewed.

From all the information we have been able to gather, it appears that my grandfather, Thomas Butler, was a man of little character, and was not endowed with any very great mental acquirements. He was a quiet, easy-going person, and did not trouble himself much about worldly concerns. Farming and shooting were with him the chief objects of life, and daily a ride from Bramshott to his Temple estate, a distance of about seven miles, (except from necessity) was seldom omitted. In society he was unassuming, and gentlemanly in his manners, but occasionally he was said to utter very plain truths to any person, no matter how unpalatable. A lady one day having given a long and mournful account of her deceased husband to Mrs. Croaker, she happened to reply, "Only imagine my distress who have lost two husbands;" to which Thomas Butler promptly and aptly answered, "and didn't care a damn for either of them." In the refinement of the present day such a speech would be deemed the height of rudeness, but the exposure of cant in this instance clearly shews us he was a sensible man, and abhorred dissimulation. His wife Martha however completely ruled him and his affairs. She was a strong minded, proud, ambitious woman, and nothing was done without her advice, if not command. So indifferent was he to the advancement of his family in giving them a good education, and so annoyed at the prospect of their being separated from him, it is related by their old servant, Mary Harding, that my grandmother had the utmost difficulty in persuading him to allow her to send the children to school at Petersfield, but she gained her point, and succeeded in having them all well educated, bringing up two sons to the law, one a surgeon, one a clergyman, and one a farmer. Thus far was her conduct to be admired, for without her influence, probably they

would never have been educated at all, or received a very inferior education, and instead of turning out polished, clever men, might have been illiterate ploughmen. It is from this point my grandmother's memory deserves reprehension. Having brought up her sons as gentlemen, and placed them out in the world, she erroneously imagined she would secure the stability and greatness of the family name by causing her husband to make an unjust will, giving the eldest son John all the landed property, worth about £55000, and to the remaining sons £1000 each; but this unjust transaction did not long pass with impunity. My grandfather died, and my grandmother having only retained a life-interest in the Bramshott estate, placed it in the hands of her son John to manage for her. He being a speculative, extravagant and unfortunate man, paid her very irregularly little rent, and my grandmother was in distress to pay current expenses. In this dilemma she made her son James take charge of the Bramshott estate, and was not thenceforward so afflicted with poverty. Well do I recollect accompanying my mother as a boy to visit my grandmother, when the constant theme of their discourse was, the sad mistake committed in making a great man of one son to the injury of the other sons. She bitterly regretted the irremediable injustice, because before her death she clearly perceived the scheme had failed, and that the land would soon cease to belong to the Butlers; whereas if equally distributed, to this day much of it would still have been owned by them, and pecuniary difficulties would have been spared to many of her sons. She died at the age of eighty eight, much respected and regretted, but with no claims to the gratitude of the rising generation.

John, son of Thomas and Martha Butler, was born June 19,

1763. In stature he is about five feet eight and a half inches, with well formed, handsome features, and blue eyes; of an extremely gentlemanly exterior, and of the most fascinating, agreeable manners. He was brought up to the law, and had opportunities of making, by his profession, an immense fortune, but failed to realize anything from it. His reading and information is very extensive, and in society he is one of the pleasantest men ever met with, from his suavity and varied conversation. He inherited the estates of Bramshot, Temple, Grig's Green, and Losely, but becoming involved he sold the whole of the paternal property for about £55000, and was then obliged to take to his profession again for a livelihood. The worst trait in his character is dishonesty. He sold land to his brothers, having a mortgage on it, which the brothers afterwards had to pay. Of his wife's property all was spent that could be touched, and at last, having committed some breach of the law of the land in regard to property, his creditors mercilessly pursued him, and he fled the country, and lives now at Guernsey or Jersey, upon, it is understood, a small pittance bestowed upon him by his widow daughter, Mary Ann. It is imposible to account for the immense property that has vanished from his hands, but it is said many thousands have been squandered away, in having generously become security for others; they failing, he has been obliged to pay for these unfortunate bonds. In like manner many who had become security for him in early life, when he was in affluence, have in latter days been obliged to pay his debts. It is generally believed he ruined himself by farming. He used to keep the best teams of cart horses in the country; and the finest cattle, cows and oxen; and many breeds of sheep were to be seen on all his estates. These, with expensive ag-

ricultural machinery, and numerous experiments, were quite sufficient to have swallowed up the whole of his fortune. He was exceedingly fond of horses, and rode beautiful animals, and to the age of sixty he was a very hard rider. He has been known to ride from Havant to Liphook to visit his brother James, twenty miles, take out his watch and say he had had a pleasant gallop of one hour and quarter. He married early in life Miss Woodman, with a fortune of £10,000 or more, and had five sons and four daughters. Thomas, William, Charles, John, Henry, Fanny, Mary Ann, Emma and Emily. John entered the Royal Horse Artillery, but died first Lieut. when only eighteen years of age. Emily died at three years, and Charles at two years of age. Henry, a fine promising young man, was intended for the law, but died in a decline about nineteen years of age. Emma attained the same period, and like the rest of her family, sunk suddenly from consumption. She was a fine woman, of sweet temper and accomplished manners.

Fanny married the Revd. Mr. Norris after a courtship of many years. She died shortly after the birth of her first child, regretted by all who knew her, from her sweet temper and easy manners. Mary Ann married Captain Richard Shaw of the Madras cavalry, and went to India; but returned to England after some years, a widow with two children. Thomas was brought up a farmer, and has experienced the vicissitudes of fortune. He married Miss Flent, and has lately inherited from her brother the Downland estate. William entered the church, and is now a fellow of Magdalen college.

To return to John Butler. It was his custom every evening to walk from Warblington to the Bear Inn at Havant, and there, with

a few gentlemen, to smoke and talk over the occurrences of the day. In the treatment of his family he was particularly distant with them, and was greatly feared, and therefore never enjoyed their affection. He was a man of undoubted fine talents, but void of integrity. He is banished from his native land and relatives, at four score years of age, a sad warning that without rectitude and steady perseverance in one uniform, straight forward line of conduct, the finest genius, the most accomplished manners, accompanied with wordly acquisitions are of no avail to the possessor, either to promote his present prospects or to add to his happiness. We painfully leave the review of this life, because, with such abilities, by nature he was formed to have risen to great fame, and we cannot contemplate his vicissitudes without feeling grievous disappointment that he should have scattered to the winds the family possessions of his grandfather John Butler, and tarnished the name he succeeded, so renowned for his exertions and honesty, and for having raised the family to affluence.

The life and character of Frances, daughter of Thomas and Martha Butler, who died April 29, 1813, aged forty nine years, has been so well described by her brother, the late Walter Butler, as to need no further comment.

Thomas, son of Thomas and Martha Butler was born Jan. 25, 1767, and brought up to the church in Magdalen college, died a rector in his fifty seventh year, at Bramdeen, June 25, 1823, and was buried in the family vault in the church-yard of Bramshott. In height he was about five feet nine inches, and of a very delicate constitution, so much so, that for many years previous to his death, he was unequal to do any duty, or to preach. With an extremely

mild and serene countenance, he was very gentlemanly in his manners, and being endowed with a pure intellectual mind, he was esteemed a pious, good man, without strength or energy to manifest his talents. He married Miss Frances Eldridge, his brother's wife's sister, with a fortune of about £4000, and having inherited the Boroughunt estate, he left his wife and family, Thomas, Frances and Frederick in affluence. A few years before he died he annually paid a visit to his Boroughunt farm for change of air, and to enjoy some shooting in September; but he was so weak as to be obliged to shoot on horseback. Notwithstanding he was so great a valetudinarian, to the surprise of his relatives, his existence was with great care prolonged to the age of fifty nine years; when he expired in his chair, with the utmost fortitude and composure, setting us an excellent example by his life, to bear bodily affliction with patience and resignation. We are unacquainted with any literary productions of his pen, but from our personal knowledge of his abilities, we feel confident that his reflections, if committed to paper, would exhibit wisdom and practical instruction, and we regret we are unable to confirm this opinion by offering a specimen of his composition. His son Thomas is a fellow of Magdalen college; and Frederick, educated for the medical profession, is in partnership with Mr. Witcher, at Winchester, residing with his mother and sister Frances.

James, son of Thomas and Martha Butler, was born April 3rd, 1771, and at the early age of seventeen was brought up to the interesting vocation of farming. Possessing little capital, his mother gave him funds to commence with the management of a few fields and a hop garden on the other side of Wolmer forest, sharing his profits, which she rigidly exacted. In the course of time, however,

his exertions being crowned with success, he rented an immense estate on the coast of Sussex, at West Wittering, and likewise managed the Chiltly and Empshott estates left him by his uncle, but being constantly laid up with ague whilst residing at the old tower of West Wittering, and finding that his own estates fully occupied his attention, the lucrative farm of West Wittering was given up. His mother however was so parsimonious that she insisted on his paying £1000 for the lease of the Chiltly estate left him by his uncle, before he could take possession of it, on pain of forfeiting her regard in receiving an inheritance from his father at his death, but his submission was ill requited, for he only received £1000 with the rest of his brothers, the eldest brother, as before observed, having inherited the greater portion of the family property. At the age of 28 he married Miss Ann Eldridge, with a fortune of £4000, of which sum £2300 was settled on his wife and family. In time he was blessed with seven sons and three daughters; and his whole life may be said truly to have been a constant struggle with pecuniary difficulties. The education and putting out in the world of such a family would have severely tried a man of the firmest courage; but with two estates worth £14000, and ready cash of £4000, making a total of £18000, which with a legacy of £5000 in later days, with economy we cannot but conclude that this couple were both bad managers, and therefore suffered so much distress. After the cessation of war in 1814—15, farming gradually became any thing but profitable; and having failed in merino sheep speculations, and impoverished from agricultural experiments, he became greatly involved; and in 1830 the Chiltly estate was sold for £10000, and the family were compelled to remove to Empshott. This change and adversity caused the family great grief,

for all had been born there. The old mansion had been knocked down, and a beautiful house of a more modern style had been erected for £3000. It was surrounded with beautiful green fields, fine old trees of elm and fir, a pretty shrubbery and an excellent flower and kitchen garden. The following pathetic lines, written by James Butler ere he left this much loved spot, feelingly depict the anguish of mind at the separation caused by adversity.

THE PARTING DAY.

January, 1831, Chilly Liphook Hants.

“Is there on earth another place,
 That hath so fair, so sweet a face,
 As this brown heath and thirsty sand,
 My long loved, much loved native land ?
 Can other fields, can other soils,
 E'er call to mind my youthful toils,
 Where once I used to sport and play,
 Toiling unwearied, through the day ?
 These happy days of joys unbought,
 E'en still are found to dwell in thought,
 And memory brings again to view
 Those pleasing scenes when life was new.
 O natal spot, so dear to me,
 And ever will for ever be,
 We now must part, and part for ever,
 Though it is grief old friends to sever.
 Banished from all that's dear I go,
 What next my lot, fate soon will shew.”

In the village of Liphook there lived a respectable elderly lady Mrs. Kien. Her virtues are so simply and beautifully described by James Butler, we cannot omit inserting them here.

EPITAPH ON MRS. KIEN.

“Here lies one who never gave offence,
 Who’d modest worth without pretence,
 A humble mind, the kindest heart,
 A hand to give to all a part
 Of all she had, to self the least,
 Nor giving feared her wealth decreased.
 Shall worth like this go down untold,
 When life itself man trucks for gold?
 For virtue’s sake let’s drop a tear,
 And show that men such worth revere.”

In the middle period of life, James Butler seems to have led any thing but tranquil days; and that he wished they were at an end may be inferred from one or two productions that have issued from his pen; but the admirable spirit of resignation, breathed forth in all his trials, merits our warmest approbation.

“Since first my eyes beheld the light,
 But little good has cheered their sight.
 Full forty years of life I’ve spent,
 Some joy I’ve known, but not content.
 Through each vicissitude of fate,
 Resigned I patiently submit,
 Resolved my mind each case shall fit;

For good and ill from heaven is sent,
 To school the heart, not give content.
 What wretchedness in misery's hands,
 What woe is full from various wants,
 The pitying eye is doomed to see,
 Poor child of nature, fall on thee.
 Both dark and dismal is the day,
 And thick beset with snares thy way;
 One comfort only gilds thy sphere,
 That blessing, Man, to thee is near;
 Then rest thy hope on Him to save,
 Who died to raise thee from the grave."

With a family of ten children, we may easily imagine the tempers of parents sorely tried; and from the following effusion by James Butler, a true two-sided picture of a married man's condition is vividly depicted; and we may not be far wrong perhaps in concluding, that his wife did not always meet her trials without venting acrimonious ebullitions of temper towards her equally afflicted spouse, who probably merited consoling sympathy rather than reproachful acerbity in the hour of severe probation. But we must desist from farther comment on this subject, lest we be deemed censorious and unjust.

THE MARRIED MAN'S HEAVEN AND HELL.

"My home, my sweet home, so dear to my heart,
 Where pleasure is found unmixed with a smart,
 My children are good, my wife ever kind,
 And all that I have is all to my mind;

'That home, my sweet home, is heaven itself,
 Far dearer to me than grandeur or pelf.
 But put the case now, it sometimes will hold,
 Your children are plagues, your wife is a scold,
 No comforts, no rest, no peace for your mind,
 Then home is a hell, the worst of all kind.'

The above should not mislead or impress on the mind that James Butler led an unhappy life; far from it, few individuals have passed through the different stages with so much equanimity and heartfelt affection for his family, and had it returned, and been so perfectly revered by his children. In this respect he has been highly blessed, and this feeling, we are persuaded, has been his greatest comfort and support. In his daughter's (Henrietta, called Harriet,) Prayer Book he wrote in the year 1828 a few lines, that clearly shew with what fervor and devotion he had his child's interest at heart.

"Go to her, little book,
 And bid her in thee look,
 And tell her thou art sent,
 With every good intent,
 To live with her, to comfort her,
 And give her heart content.
 Be thou to her a friend in need,
 And prove thyself a friend indeed,
 If sickness comes, and come it will,
 With holy trust her bosom fill,
 Then give her strength to bear the ill;
 And if the world should all forsake her,
 Then to heaven I pray thee take her."

His affection for his daughters was unbounded, and when a child, Mary called forth the following lively picture of her beauty, juvenile mind, and pursuits.

LITTLE ROSE AND THE MILK WHITE DUCK.

"A milk white Duck, no duck so fair,
 E'er swam the brook, or winged the air;
 No bird so wise, no bird so good,
 For twice a year she hatched a brood;
 This duck she had a mistress fair,
 Who fed her well, with anxious care;
 And by the sequel of this tale,
 You'd learn what prudence can avail.
 For prudence is a precious gem,
 And rises from a fruitful stem;
 By all good girls it should be learned,
 A penny saved's a penny earned;
 Add pence to pence, 'twill soon be found,
 Instead of pence you'll have a pound.
 And now my story goes to tell,
 Our little ducklings prospered well,
 And as they gobbled down the barley,
 Their mistress held with them a parley.
 Don't eat so fast, you little wizards,
 I fear, my ducks, you'll hurt your gizzards;
 Or should the grain stick in your throats,
 'Twill spoil, my birds, your pretty notes.

Thus talked and reasoned little Rose,
 For Rose, or Rosebud, I suppose,
 Her name this lovely maiden took,
 So like a rosebud she did look.
 Now in the charming month of May,
 When nature smiles and looks so gay,
 When fields were green and green the trees,
 The season came for ducks and peas;
 The ducklings to the market went,
 And home as soon the cash was sent;
 To little Rose it seemed a prize;
 And sparkled like her sparkling eyes;
 What joy then swelled her lovely breast,
 To count the shiners in her chest.
 Year after year such treasure came,
 She grew in wealth and rose in fame;
 All loved the maid, and praised her luck,
 Nor e'er forgot the milk white duck.
 Long was she sought and much caressed,
 But one alone by love was blessed,
 Who hailed the day, and hailed the morn,
 He cropped the Rose without a thorn.

His daughter Ann was likewise a great favorite, and upon the occasion of her paying her brother James a visit at Kensington, in company with her sister Mary, both at that time about 18 or 20 years of age, being the first time they had ever seen London, their unsophisticated minds and the incidents of the trip are pleasingly and ludicrously described.

Two vestals, like Aurora fair,
 Who ne'er breathed yet but native air,
 To see the town and trapse it o'er,
 Started off in a coach and four.
 The day was wet, the roads like mud,
 Through thick and thin away they scud ;
 Soon they arrived at London town,
 And what they saw I've posted down.
 'Ten thousand lamps first caught their sight,
 Bright as stars in a frosty night ;
 Sure this, says one, 's a burning shame,
 To waste their oil for only flame ;
 But how they gazed when first they learnt,
 'Twas air the frugal people burnt.
 Now rattling o'er the stones so fast,
 To their journey's end they came at last,
 And found themselves upon their feet,
 About the centre of Fleet Street.
 Oh what a crowd ! We can't pass on,
 They cried, Let's wait till it is gone ;
 They tarried long, the crowd increased,
 Long they might, ere it had ceased.
 Now waggish Charly eyed the fair,
 A coach, Misses, a coach ; pray where ?
 Drive us quick to brother James's.
 Soon he brought them to *St. James's* ;
 Their brother was no saint, they knew,

Of saints in town there are but few.
 But now set right again, they go
 To Kensington, swift as Jehu;
 Both safe and sound he left them straight,
 Quite content at the garden gate.
 And now, all blunders being mended,
 " 'Twas here, I think, the first day ended."

Evidently viewing his six sons, he has left them a beautiful exhortatory memento, in his picture of brotherly love, of the felicity attainable by them, if mutually united, in a firm spirit of friendship and regard, to support each other through life under all circumstances.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

"If aught can win or give delight,
 If aught can please a parent's sight,
 Of all on earth or heaven above,
 It is, I trow fraternal love.
 As many rills from mountains flow,
 Unite their streams in vales below,
 Glide smoothly on, still gathering strength
 Resistless through their destined length,
 So seems affection to my view;
 No ills can harm, no cares pursue.
 When hearts unite in heavenly love,
 How safe on earth, how blest above!"

In the year 1828, his nieces Sarah and Emily, daughters of his brother Walter Butler, were suddenly attacked by scarlet fever, and

brought to an early grave at eighteen or twenty years of age, within a fortnight of each other, their uncle was deeply affected, and expressed his pious grief in the following pathetic lines:

“Go, lovely pair, and rest in peace,
 Your race is run, all sorrows cease;
 Few were your days, but wisely spent,
 In humble prayer and meek content.
 With speed from heaven a mandate came,
 Your pure and spotless souls to claim,
 And bear them to the realms above,
 The seats of innocence and love.
 They smiled assent, the call obeyed,
 Nor scarce to say farewell they stayed;
 With angel’s speed they take their flight,
 To regions of eternal light.
 Now rest you, lovely happy pair,
 And much we pray to meet you there.”

The above specimens of writing clearly evince the finest feelings the heart of man can be endowed with, and it is a source of great regret that other literary productions by James Butler have not yet been disclosed to his children; but it is supposed he is the author of much valuable information communicated to the public on Husbandry, and being a man of genius and talent we feel persuaded his reflections would have been clothed in his usual concise and comprehensive diction, giving the reader both instruction and pleasure.

James Butler was an excellent Latin scholar and acquainted with the finest Latin authors, and he was by no means deficient in the

Greek language. Indeed his whole life may be said to have been passed in reading; every leisure hour even at the advanced age of 74 is seized with delight, and he may justly be esteemed a pattern worthy the imitation of all parents. He educated his family of nine children, till each attained the age of 12 years, under his own roof. In height he is about five feet eight and a half inches, of an inexpressibly placid, fine, intelligent countenance, and with the most courteous manners; his temper was so mild that he was scarcely ever seen discomposed, and his treatment of his children in youth and manhood merits our utmost admiration; they rejoiced at his presence, and he equally valued their society, and treated them with the utmost benignity; in return they loved and revered him. He was particularly fond of his pipe, and invariably smoked from nine till eleven o'clock every evening, and then retired to rest; but latterly imagining his rest was lessened by smoking, he gave up a habit indulged in from his youth. In early life he was a skilful, pleasing performer on the violin, and played tolerably on the organ. He rose between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, and breakfasted at eight o'clock, and according to the state of the weather, he either worked in his carpenter's shop or garden, superintended his farm, and smiled if his sons feared to expose themselves to the weather or waited in doors till it cleared up, considering it very effeminate. In his early days he kept fine blood horses, and is said to have ridden one hundred miles in one day on one horse, from Liphook to London 45 miles, and from London to Abingdon 56 miles. He had no taste for hunting, but was tolerably successful with his gun. In constitution he was by no means a strong man, being subject to stomach or bilious attacks; but regular habits and temperance in

beverage and diet, with constant exercise, secured good health, and at all times, an equable flow of spirits.

His wife was a short woman, with black hair, dark hazel eyes, pleasing manners, sensible, fond of society, proud, ambitious, warm hearted, and of very sensitive feelings, and so liberal and generous that she would part with her last penny to promote her son's advancement in life, and justice requires us to say what we think cannot be contradicted, that owing principally to her unceasing exertions and exhortations all her sons were well brought forward to gain their own livelihood, and early instilled with feelings of pride and ambition; and she acknowledges she has been amply rewarded, in attaining the age of 73 years, to behold with unfeigned delight the prosperity of her family. Ever having been an attached, fond mother, her memory will be remembered with respect and affection for the trial she has undergone in rearing ten children. For many years past she has been afflicted annually with violent attacks of Erysipelas, which, flying to her head, has frequently endangered her life, and always affected her intellect for the time, but on recovery she appears to have renewed vigour and strength of constitution, and enjoys life without the ailments of helpless decrepitude attendant not unfrequently on old age. The names of their children are as follows:

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 James, | born 1st Sept. 1801. |
| 2 Charles, | " 17 Nov. 1803. |
| 3 Thomas, | " 21 May 1805.—Died when an infant. |
| 4 Henrietta Frances, | " 9 Sept. 1806. |
| 5 Ann,* | born 17 Feb. 1808.—Died 20 Feb. 1841. |

* Ann, born Feb. 17, 1808, died 20 Feb. 1841 at the age of 33 years 3 days. She was buried in the church-yard of Adderburg Woodstock, Oxford. In person she was of good height

6 John,	born	19 Dec. 1809.
7 Mary,	"	16 Sept. 1811.
8 William Eldridge,	"	26 Feb. 1814.
9 Walter,	"	12 July 1815.
10 George Ambrose,	"	17 Mch. 1817.

The pleasure of reviewing the character, habits, dispositions and abilities of this family we postpone to a future day.

Charles, son of Thomas and Martha Butler, was born Nov. 28, 1774, and died May 28, 1833, in his fifty-ninth year, at Bradshott, and was buried in the family vault of Bramshott church-yard. His old friend, Wm. Newland of Chishester, on a marble tablet in the Bramshott church, indited the following epitaph to his memory and that of his wife:

"If Heaven well pleased regards unspotted fame,
 And human grief bleeds over departed worth,
 To these high honours none have greater claim
 Than they who sleep beneath this hallowed earth."

On the death of Charles Butler, his affectionate friend Wm. Newland gave utterance to the following extempore effusion: "He was

and figure, prepossessing, quick, amiable manners, and of extremely fine, sensitive feelings, of a fair, ruddy complexion, blue eyes, light brown hair, a sweet voice, fond of music, and a very tolerable performer on the organ and piano. She rode well on horseback, and was excessively fond of the exercise in company with her brothers, by all of whom she was dearly loved, prized by her father, and sincerely mourned not only by her own family, but by every one acquainted with her talents, and warm hearted and amiable disposition. During her short career she had several admirers, but unfortunately none had pecuniary resources sufficient to support her in the estimation of her parent, comfortably, and thus pecuniary difficulties proved an insurmountable obstacle to her entering the blessed state of marriage, and we may surely affirm that this circumstance preyed deeply on her health and spirits, which is greatly to be deplored, as it is firmly believed that her existence would have been prolonged in such a state. She endured a long illness with great fortitude and resignation, and sunk into a premature grave under the withering blast of that scourge to the human race, consumption.

mild in manner, affectionate in disposition, sincere and zealous in his friendship, and distinguished for the strictest integrity, and he has carried with him to the grave what he prized more than life itself, an unsullied reputation."

Being brought up to the medical profession he enjoyed large practice in partnership with Wm. Newland at Chichester, but finding that his health was unequal to the fatigue and exposure of such a harassing life, contrary to the wish of his mother, he determined on turning farmer, and for some time lived with his parents at Bramshott, gratuitously selected, and purchased the Bradshott and Lecourt estates, when land was at a very low price, by borrowing the purchase money, but such was his judgement and foresight, coupled with the greatest economy in a few years he cut and sold sufficient timber to pay off the whole of his debts, and thence forward was in independent circumstances. In height Charles Butler was about five feet nine inches, of pleasing and agreeable manners and gentlemanly appearance. In early life he married Miss Mellersh, who died a few months after marriage, afterwards he was united to his cousin, Miss Mary Ann Newland, but he had no family by either of his wives. For many years he resided at Conford, about a mile from Bramshott, renting of his brother John this pretty little estate, where he remained till the death of his last consort, an inestimable woman, who was devotedly attached to him, and influenced him more than any other person, whose word alone never failed to appease the most irritable moments of her husband, and whose sweet disposition and amiable manners gained her the esteem and affection of all her relations. Shortly after the departure of his brother James' family from Liphook, in 1831, being greatly attached to them, he followed them to Bradshott, within a

quarter of a mile of Empshott, and there putting his little cottage in order, spent his last few days of suffering. By his nephews and nieces Charles Butler was greatly respected and esteemed as his deportment towards them was both in childhood and in maturer years so exceedingly friendly that his society was always sought and many were the happy hours passed at Conford by them, enjoying his hospitality and animated conversation, for he had a fund of anecdote, was well read, and informed on many subjects, and may certainly be considered a talented man. His great failing was a hasty temper, but as soon as the storm was over he freely forgave, and was vexed he could not curb or restrain his feelings from venting the most violent language when opposed or contradicted; but this was of rare occurrence, for friends and relatives entertained so high an opinion of his unimpeachable rectitude, sound sense and goodness of heart, that all studiously avoided irritating or annoying him with unnecessary controversy on petty affairs. He was a great economist or never could have made his own fortune, and possessing the fine feelings of a gentleman he was superior to meanness in any shape. All his horses whether for the field or saddle were let loose in the moors winter and summer with the run of the straw-yard, with little hay and no corn except on long journeys, and he appeared to delight in their rough shaggy appearance; he rode with one girt and spur, and prided himself on the fatigue they could undergo. In him the poor lost a firm friend, whenever sick or in distress he was sure to be applied to, and graciously did he prescribe for them gratuitously whenever consulted. One poor man in particular blessed his memory, having a very bad ulcer on his finger or hand. The village surgeon a young man wishing to bring himself into notice as a skilful operator told him it

must be amputated, the poor fellow instantly waited on Charles Butler for advice and quickly was his anxious mind relieved by being told a simple poultice would cure him in a week; the remedy was applied and the man was cured. In the morning he was in the habit of walking down to his farm-yard and over the moors with worsted stockings half down his legs, and thick boots half laced, in an old great coat, to give directions to his work people, and returned to breakfast about 11 o'clock, on a sumptuous collation of pies, tarts, meat, rolls, toast, and home made butter, and between the hours of one and two o'clock he mounted his horse, no matter whether the weather was wet or fair, and rode till dark every day, either to his farms on the other side of Wolmer forest, or to other parts of the country, visiting his neighbours, returning home at a late hour to dinner, after which he invariable smoked one pipe and read till twelve o'clock at night, sometimes taking another pipe ere he retired to rest. Some years before he died he was affected with an unquenchable thirst and he was so oppressed with it that out riding he latterly seldom passed a beer shop without taking as he facetiously termed it a glass of ha' penny; this contineed to the day of his death. In October 1832, he one day complained that the sole of his foot had been rubbed by a Wellington boot and not being able to do without his daily ride he had a cloth boot made up and continued his exercise as usual, but his brother James immediately remarked to his own family that this sore would be he feared his death for he was persuaded it was scrofula and that his uncle John Butler had died from a similar complaint; In a few months this prediction proved true, the sole of his foot became in a fearful state, yet did he persevere in taking daily horse exercise, and spurned or smiled at the idea of a doctor being

able to do him any good or afford him relief; in fact his own good sense intimated evidently to him the helplessness of his case. The sole of his foot nearly rotted off before he died, and his sufferings were dreadfully excruciating. As he approached his end his thirst became intolerable, still did he patiently and manfully without a murmur bear up against it to the last, and rode on horseback as usual, as late as Thursday, but the next morning he could not leave his bed. On Sunday he talked cheerfully in bed to his brother James and his nephew John about plans for repairing the roads, and he seemed unaware of his end being so near, or at least it appeared that he wished his brother should not think so, and exerted himself more than usual to talk to him. This was the last lucid day of his existence; at night he was seized with a fit and his servant entering his room helped him to his bed; he was never sensible afterwards, but continued to writhe in the utmost agony, unconsciously talking incoherently till within a few hours of his death, when his countenance resumed its former placid expression and he breathed his last without a groan, deeply lamented by his relatives and sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He left his estates of Lecour and Bradshott with a strict regard to justice, to be equally divided amongst his nephews and nieces, and all the property inherited through his wife to her relatives, presenting a striking contrast to the unjust will of his father.

Walter son of Thomas and Martha Butler was born 4th Oct. 1777, and died at the early age of 44 years, in 1821. He practised as a lawyer in the town of Havont. He was rather a large framed man and about five feet ten inches in height, of coarse features, with large whiskers, possessing in an eminent degree the fine formed Butler

ler forehead, with a most benevolent, intelligent expression of countenance, easy, quiet, pleasant manners, of undoubted ability, and from what we now recollect of him, spoke slowly, and always with great sweetness and pleasantry to young people. Walter Butler was a great antiquary and physiognomist, and was the author of several works; an account of Emsworth and a genealogical sketch of his family are however the only two we are acquainted with.

In early life he married Miss Harfield, a pretty and amiable woman, who made his happiness the chief object of her existence. He was excessively fond of his family and delighted to drive them over to see their cousins at Liphook, and with his brother James enjoy the pleasant recreation of coursing on the commons for a few days to vary the toilsome labour of the law. It is supposed this estimable man's career was shortened from the duties of his profession, great anxiety from embarrassed circumstances originating from imprudent, profuse expenditure in a variety of experimental projects, but we need no hypothesis to account for the immediate cause of his death. Like his brother Charles he was for some time afflicted with an incurable wasting scrofula sore on the arm which in a few months brought him to the grave, leaving a widow, three daughters and two sons to bewail their irreparable loss. But in the course of a few years the whole of his family joined him; Sarah and Emily sunk into the grave from scarlet fever, within a fortnight of each other, at the early age of 17 and 19. Mary and Walter followed soon after in a deep decline, attaining about the same age; and the fifth and last of the family, William, was drowned bathing in the river at Midhurst with his cousin Frederick Butler.

I may be permitted in concluding this brief notice of our family, to observe the gradual advancement in civilization and refinement of each generation from their first settlement in England about 1628, to A. D. 1844, the present time is very apparent, and that they have kept pace with the times and not retrograded or degenerated is a matter of congratulation, but whether their real and permanent happiness has been secured in the same ratio with their rank and worldly prosperity seems problematical. The numerous fictitious wants generated by the present luxurious style of life, the pride and vanity of competing with the world in the prevalent folly of a ruinous display, tends to create feelings of apprehension for the future. "The temple of happiness stands in a humble vale, but the tower of greatness is built upon a slippery precipice."

I am, most affectionately yours,

JOHN BUTLER, *Captain,*
55th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry,
and Assistant to the
Governor General's Agent, N. E. Frontier,
and Commissioner of Asam.



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